

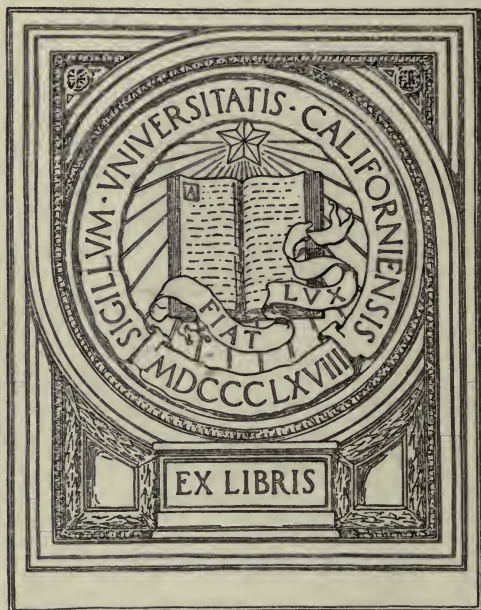
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# JOHNNIE'S WAR DIARY

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF A CAVALRY  
TROOPER

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FRANKLIN  
CUMMINGS



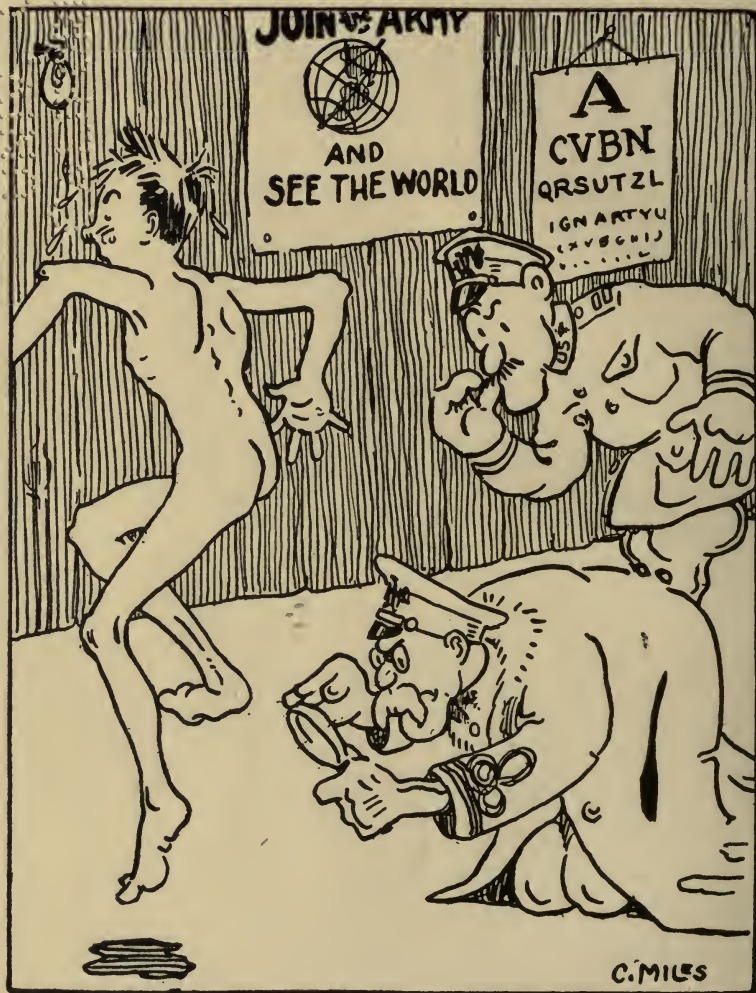
an Jm. E. Stickle.

⑥









*"And then I hopped on my big toe,  
Just to show how fast I cud go."*



# JOHNNIE'S WAR DIARY

Being  
the Adventures of a  
Cavalry Trooper



BY  
FRANKLIN CUMMINGS

Illustrated by  
CHARLES MILES.



BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA,  
LEDERER, STREET AND ZEUS CO.,  
1919

TO THE  
ANNUAL

COPYRIGHT, 1919  
By FRANKLIN CUMMINGS.

Gift of  
Mary E. Stockle

To  
MARY ELIZABETH SIBERT,  
Who wore seven service stars.

M10458

*"Johnnie's" letters have brought real amusement and pleasure to the readers of the DAILY CALIFORNIAN for many months. The campus looked forward each day to finding another letter setting down in Johnnie's way some new experience, fancied or real. Johnnie has often paraded the traditions and daily life of the University before us in such a way as to amuse us and at the same time set us thinking about their proper relation to university life. Johnnie has amused, ridiculed, scolded, praised and sometimes condemned episodes in the ordinary life of the student body. He has been good for us and for the University. It is well that the best of his letters are to be collected and put into readable and permanent form. Johnnie has made a place for himself in the great body of University tradition and history. He has added a measure of joy and instruction.*

*K. C. Leebrick.*

## FOREWORD



IN CREATING the character of Johnnie, my aim has been primarily to amuse. All popular ideas to the contrary, there is no group of individuals anywhere in our national life quite so prone to a healthy sense of humor as an undergraduate body of college students. It was with the view of satisfying to some small extent this irresistible desire to laugh shared by my college fellows of all classes that I have created a naïve and unsophisticated Johnnie and made him perform during a period of two years for the college audience of my own University.

Johnnie is an anomaly, an oddity, who has at all times the saving grace of an enlarged sense of humor. The experiences he relates are pretty generally and faithfully taken from the author's own experiences. There is little continuity of plot or action. The spelling is consciously exaggerated, and may be taken to imply a travesty on the woeful state of our own spelling here in college. The letters have been hurriedly written and without regard to any poetical form or metre other than the doggerel rhyme scheme followed throughout.

In sending the little volume to the press, I wish to make grateful acknowledgement to Dr. K. C. Leebrick of the History department for his warm encouragement and good counsel, to Charles Miles of the class of 1919, who has contributed his time and talent to the illustrating of Johnnie's experiences, to "Gus" Gustafson of the L., S. & Z. staff, who has always been ready with his store of experience to help in planning the makeup, to Paul L. Pioda, who has deprived himself of his typewriter that Johnnie might grow, and to my old friend and classmate, "Poko" Harter, who has always lent a patient ear to each new story, and whose rare good judgment and frank reactions have proven an indispensable criterion.

F. C.

Berkeley,  
April 17, 1919.

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## JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

[illegible]



## JOHNNIE ENLISTS

May 27

Dere dierry, I'm a Raw Rekroot,  
Reddy to fite the Germun broot.  
To-day at the rekrooting stashun  
I sined up for to serve the nashun.  
Pattritizm fired my soul,  
When I did reech this yerned  
for goal.

For six weeks two raw eggs I'd et  
Eech meel in hoaps that I wud get  
Reel fat in order to inlist  
And Unkle Sammy's boyze assist.  
Raw eggs are very nawziating  
And set the stommick palpitating.  
I took them furst one Sunday nite  
And failed to stir the yellow and  
white

To-gether, so they wudn't slide  
Reel eezy on their downward glide,  
But stuck within my throat. The  
yoke

Did make me snort and girgle  
and choke

Until I had to outdores fly  
And bid those eggs a fond good-  
bye.

They fell and struck the ground  
reel fast

But missed a lady's hat going past.  
Sence then I've took my eggs  
beet up

With Sherry wine in my Shaving  
cup.

But still I never gayned no wate  
And thot I wudn't hezzitate  
No more, so to-day I appered  
At the Rekrooting office, afeard  
Only that beeing as I waz thin  
Mite mabbe delay my getting in,

Or beeing as I'm so awful small,  
They mite not let me in a-tall.  
But I thot perhaps the Kalverry  
Wud be a sootable branch for me,  
So I up and shook the Sargent's  
fist

And sed, "I gess I wanta inlist."  
He took my name and all the datta  
Of my berth and what had bin the  
matter

With paw's great grandma when  
she died

And I sed I thot twuz soocide,  
And what maw's name was 'fore  
she married,

And whether paw insurants carried,  
And so on, then I took a shower,  
And cum forth, a sweet smelling  
flower.

A kore of doctors viewed me,  
wateing,

My neckked thinness kontemplating.  
One of them thumped my ribs and  
sed,

"S'matter, kid, are you underfed?",  
And he made me mutter "Ninety-  
nine",

Az his hand run jagged down my  
spine.

The next one, with a eer trumpet,  
Lissened at my hart and thumped it.  
The cold steel next my beeting  
skin

Waz like the jab of a safety pin.  
My goose flesh roze twice normal  
size,

And that doktor seemed to be  
all ize.

He sez, "Left Pulmennerry nerviss,"



And pushed me off. Twuz speedey serviss.

The next one jammed me in the jaw,  
(Which reminded me of deer old paw).

"Open your mouth, stick out your tongue,"

These words to me he harshly flung.

In my throat a spoon he poked about,  
And sed, "Those tonsells must cum out."

I thot as how I'd done no wrong,  
And then he sent me flying along  
To a fat man, who did clasp my arm  
With sum skweezers, and with grate alarm

I saw the flesh bulge out and kwiver,  
Which made me week down in my liver.

Next they made me bend way over,  
Like playing Leep Frog in the clover,  
I hoaped the fat dock wudn't fall  
On me, but twuzn't that at all.

Insted he made me close my eers,  
Then whispered faint, "How many beers?"

At leest twuz this in my beleef,  
But they laffed and sed that I waz deaf.

Next they brot me a bag of wool,  
Which waz with kolored yarnings full.

I picked up one I thot wuz red  
But twuz vermullin, so they sed.  
And then I hopped on my big toe,  
Just to show how fast I cud go.  
I hopped to the wall and then  
hopped back

And I thot my toe wud surely crack.  
I waz a reel esthettick site  
Like Afroditee, Kween of Nite.  
And then they wayed me. I surmize  
I'd lost ten pounds frum that  
exercize.

But they all confurred and all agreed  
That I cud ride a broke down steed,  
And so, before they changed their mind,

I grabbed what cloathes as I cud find,  
And hollered, after I made my vow,  
"Hooray, I'm in the armee now."  
So long, dere dierry, I will write  
In you agen sum other nite.

## PNEUMONIA POINT

May 31

Dere dierry, I'm in kakky now,  
And have took my final oath and  
vow.

On Wensday we cum on a bote  
To Angle-Iland. Feer and hope  
Waz mingled in our beeting blud,  
As we herd the steamer's enjuns'  
thud.

A multitood waz on the decks,  
And all waz of the maskilline sex.  
We waz herded on this bote like  
kattle

And we felt the thrill of going to  
battle.

But when Angle-Iland hove in view,  
A homesick feeling in me grew.  
Thouzands waz there, all Raw  
Rekroots,

Most of them in civillian soots.  
We waz drove to the Receeving  
stashun

To tell our age and last vocashun,  
Then we waz drove to the big Mess  
Hall,

Where a meel waz swallowed down  
by all.

And then they made us take a  
shower,

And stand in the cold wind haff a  
hour.

I shiverred and shook in ev'ry joint,  
When the Sargent sez, "Pnoomonia  
Point."

On we waz drove a mile or two,  
Twaz cold, no vegettashun grew.  
But suddinly at the foot of a hill,  
A lot of tents did rize and fill  
The landscape. "Ah", to myself  
I sed,

"Perhaps they'll let us go to bed."  
But first they parselled the blankets  
out,

Which took two hours. We stood  
about,

Chattering our teeth, huddled to-  
gether,

Beeing az it waz such freezing  
wether.

And then we skrambled for thoze  
tents,

The flock of skramblers waz so  
dense,

I got the last tent down the hill,  
Where the oshun did its wavelets  
spill.

Five of us enterred this flapping  
place,

And a hideous grin cum on eech  
face

When we saw grate piles of grit  
and dust

On our bed tiks. O I almost cussed!  
And then an unkind sargent

hollered,  
"Get fresh straw for your tiks,"  
I follered

The crowd. We climed a grate  
long hill,

And with wet straw did our bed  
tiks fill.

Fin'lly we got back to the tent,  
Having two hours and a kwarter  
spent

In feeding bed tiks. O I aked!  
And my body waz with sand doons  
caked,

Which filled my eers, my throat,  
my noze,

And sifted way down to my toes.

At last I entered my bed of down  
With my cloathes on, for my new  
nite gown  
Waz lost in a sand doon. Down I  
laid  
And nachur's call to rest obeyed.  
But alas! the noizes of the nite  
Waz many, slumber took her flite,  
And I laid in the dark a-shivering,  
Bloody othes in my tik delivering.  
The wind cum howling under my  
tent,  
It waz a fearful nite I spent.  
The tent did creek and groan and  
rock  
Till I thot the wind wud shurely  
knock  
It over. There I grimly lay,  
Too skeart to move, too skeart to  
pray.  
In the next bed tik, sumbody snored,  
Far and nere the rumblings roared.  
Sweet sleep left me and ne'er  
returned,

Only a madness in me burned.  
At half past four, when all waz  
still,  
A bugle blew from off the hill.  
I got up, stiff in ev'ry joint,  
Frum having bin on Pnoomonias  
Point.

\* \* \* \*

To-day they giv us our ekwipment  
Out of a seckund handed shipment.  
My blowze waz bilt for Prezident  
Tafft,  
Even the Q. M. Sargent laffed.  
Altho' my waste is twenty-aite,  
An undiskrimminating fate  
Handed me pants size forty-four,  
They sed they hadn't enny more.  
Also my leggins and my shoes  
Iz enuff to give a feller the blues.  
Next time I write, I'll be more  
cheery,  
At present I am awful weery.



## IN QUARANTINE

June 10.

Dere dierry, we cum last Saterdag  
To our army post in Monteray.

I'm getting used to looking so big  
In this everlasting army rig.

But my hat high on my hed doze set  
Like a bunyon, sense I got it wet.  
Tiz that which fusses me the most,  
And makes me look like Hamlet's  
ghoast.

I've developped a good appytite,  
And I allus look a ravennus site,  
Seeing az my army blowze hangs  
loose,

And gapping like a kalaboose.  
They've put us here in kwarantene  
Out in sum tents, where kwite  
unseen,

We're lerning how to do Rite Face,  
And turn within a narrow space.

At midnite, sleeping hevvely,  
The bugle blows for Revilly,  
And we haff to run out in the frost,  
And they call the roll to see who's  
lost,

And eech fellow doze his elbow jut  
Into the next guy's empty gut.

When this iz done it iz a sine  
That there iz a horrizontel line.  
Revilly throo', we grab our mess-  
kits

For our otemeel and our soggy  
biskits.

They slam it on the plate to-gether,  
And it tastes just like dilooted  
lether.

Altho' the taste of it iz pore,  
I gobbel it up and go for more.  
After brekfust, two hours iz spent

In "poleecing up" around the tent.  
To "poleece up" means to walk  
bent over,

Like hunting for a fore-leef klover,  
And pick up all the cigarret butts,  
Lying within the grooves and ruts.  
To-day the Sargent blew his  
whissel,

Which pricks just like a thorny  
thissel,

And, when we'd poked eech others'  
guts,

He hollers loud: "Which of you  
muts

Haz bin to kollidge? Anser kwick!"  
With feverish joy I most grew sick.  
Eeger to show my higher knollidge,  
I up and piped, "I've bin to  
kollidge."

The Sargent sneered, "You are the  
man,

Go and empty the garbidge can."  
However I beet the rest at drill,  
And think I cud a Germun kill.

My tentmates are a splendid groop,  
Well fitted for a Kalvery troop.  
Bill 'Ammon waz a chariott racer  
In Wringling's. He can ride a  
pacer

Of enny kind. Then there's Sour  
Sam,

Who says that he don't giv' a damm  
For enny hoss or man or gun,  
For he punched cows at Bloody  
Run.

And there's Jim Mahooney tended  
bar

In Okeland at a place not far

From where we useter go to kollidge,  
Of hiz cokktails I hav' had sum  
knollidge.

We are a hardy, sturdy krew,

For the Germuns we will trubble  
brew.

Goodby, dere dierry, tatoo's blown,  
And I must lie me down and moan.





## TUCKER GETS A BATH

June 12.

Dere dierry, I've bin vaxxinated,  
My arm is shure illuminated,  
Its purpel and its swole and sore,  
And they're going to do it two  
times more.

O the suffring I've underwent!  
O the painful hours I've spent!  
All bekawze of that prikkly scratch,  
At the time I reely didn't attach  
Much importance to that needle's  
bite,

But now as I look at what a site  
My arm iz, az I feel the throbbing,  
Az I watch my mussels kwivvering,  
bobbing

In anguish, I feel full convickshun  
That small things can cawze lots  
of frickshun.

That needle haz a fever started,  
Also my brekfust haz departed.  
My throat iz sore, my feet have  
chills,

And rumblings my inteerior fills.  
I'm writing this with my left hand,  
That's why my letters drunken  
stand.

Now I must tell (and I aint  
joshing)

How Tucker got a sure-enuff wash-  
ing.

Tucker's the laziest hound on erth,  
And he's ornery and he izn't worth  
The beens he eats. (Lord! he  
can stuff,

Fore helpings and that aint enuff).  
Pore Tucker hails from Arkinnsaw,  
Where they drafted him to go to  
wah.

This kweer bird iz seven feet tall,

But he'z teerful like he's going to  
bawl,

And his mouth hangs open like  
a kazm,

He's a ignerrent hunk of proto-  
plazm.

He aint got a thimbelful of branes,  
And he's allus groanin' 'bout his  
pains.

When they pick him for a work  
detail,

He'z allus there with his rhoomatiz  
wail.

But the wurst thing 'bout this  
hayseed roob

Iz that the everlasting boob  
Don't harken to the water's call,  
So when he into bed doze krawl  
At nite the oder iz so awful,  
We decided az it wazn't lawful  
For us to suffer while he snored,  
So we appointed a judgment board.  
At furst we waz patient, verry  
nice,

We went to Tucker and warned  
him twice

To rinse himself in soap and  
water

Just like a human beeing otter.  
But he plumb forgot our good  
advice,

And so he had to pay the price.  
We waked him frum a gurgling  
slumber,

And moved him like a piece of  
lumber

Out to the shower room in the  
nite,

The Sargent sed it waz all rite.

Pore Tucker knew he had met his  
doom

When we pushed him in the shower  
room.

He howled and kicked and yelled  
in frite,

But we waz firm and held on tite.

And there in spite of Tucker's  
wrath,

We giv' him a *honest-to-goodness*  
bath.

We stuck him in that icy shower,

And held him in it over a hour.

Pore Tucker gasped and lost his  
breth,

And thot he'd met hiz certain  
deth.

We brot him to with a skrubbing  
brush

And made hiz tuff hide bloom and  
blush.

When we got throo' he smelled  
reel sweet,

He wud hav pleezed the most eleet.

But hiz skin, tho pink, iz raw and  
tender

Frum the bathing that we had to  
render.

Goodby, my hand doze kramp  
me so,

I just can't move it to and fro.



## THE PIPES OF PAN

June 18.

Dere dierry, the Y. M. C. A.  
Arranged to hav a littel play  
Last nite inside the army chappel,  
Also they give us eech a appel  
At the doreway. Twaz a reel nice  
show,  
And put us all in a frendly glow.  
Furst sumbody rendered a hymm,  
Which made my eyes with tears  
to swim.  
And then my hairs on end did raze  
As "China and its Waterwayze"  
Was thrown before us on the  
skreen,  
The thrillingest pitcher I hav seen.  
And then sum guy in a skweekey  
voice  
Spoke on "Christiannity's Choice".  
He raved and ranted and told as  
how  
We must keep clean to win this  
row.  
I thot az how we had done our bit  
In skrubbing Tucker to make  
him fit.  
And then a fat lady cum and sung,  
Our harts in sympethy waz wrung.  
*"O tell my daddy, wont he pleze  
take care,  
For his baby prays at twilight  
For her daddy over there."*  
When she got throo we klapped so  
loud,  
Agen she cum before the krowd,  
And rendered "Sweet Little  
Buttercup",  
Our soals the sweet sounds gobbled  
up.

And tho' the applawze did most  
die down,  
Six more she sung in her evening  
gown,  
A look of eckstacy on her face,  
Her arms stretched outward in  
embrace.  
And then the biggest akt of enny  
Waz pulled to thrill the soals  
of many.  
They called this skit, "The Pipes  
of Pan,"  
And when the curtin roze, to  
a man  
We gasped and bulged our eyes  
to see  
This tale of woodland eckstacy.  
"Pan" waz a lady six feet tall  
Who waz hopping to the wood-  
land's call.  
Her skinny limms waz clad in tites  
Az she hopped among the elves  
and sprites.  
The tites waz pink and Pan did run  
Madly around the wood in her fun.  
In her hands she clasped a hot  
water bottle  
Held to her mouth as if to throttle  
Its music, and her fingers played  
In harmony as her body swayed.  
She hopped, she leeped, she jumped,  
she ran,  
And we waz brethless to a man.  
Her body wud bow down to the  
ground,  
And then she'd mount by a leep  
and bound  
Up to where the dogberries hung,  
And the hot water bottle sizzled  
and sung.

Eech limm' did kwivver as she  
    roze,  
Showing the kontours of her hoze,  
But once as at the trees she did  
    rush  
An auddible rip did bring a hush.  
And then another object ran,  
*It waz the left tite of poor Pan.*  
It ran from her hip down to  
    her toe,  
Then up the hill agen did go.  
It ran until the men burst out  
In cheering and a thunderous  
    shout.

And Pan waz so tremendus  
    pleezed  
That her art had thus the  
    awedience seezed,  
She cum back and she danced  
    agen,  
Which cawzed a uproar among  
    the men.  
We went home laffing at pore  
    Pan,  
Thinking of how her stocking ran.  
Goodby, dere dierry, I must go,  
I think I hear the mess call blow.



## JOHNNIE'S FIRST RIDE

June 24.

Dere dierry, let fuchur ages reed  
Of how I rode a prancing steed.  
This morning the Captain did  
decide

"You men must go for a hoss-  
back ride."

My teeth did rattle at this news,  
My soal waz dampened by the  
blues,

My hart waz still and filled with  
gloom,

Az I thot of my impending doom.  
I waz so week I waz hardly abel  
To clime that long hill to the stabel.  
But up we dragged with silent tred,  
Up to the stabel, sickened with  
dred.

I glimpsed those hosses with bated  
breth,

Beeing az I waz skeart to deth.  
The Sargent, seein' me standing  
about,

Razed his voice in a terribul shout,  
"You dammed numskullion, get  
you a hoss,"

I thot he needn't hav bin so cross.  
Dutifully I went to obtain  
A hoss what had a yellow mane,  
Which hoss did eye me kwizzickley,  
Whereby I weekened fizzickely.  
I gingerly stepped to reech its hed  
And in a gentle whisper sed,  
"Nice hossie, pleze don't be  
afraid,"

And then on its back the saddle  
laid.

But the hoss kicked up a wicked  
heel,

Whereby my blud did most congeel,  
And shook the saddle offen hiz hide

And walked away. The Sargent's  
stride

Cum lumbering tord me. I did  
shrink,

"You rookies wud drive the Lord  
to drink,"

He thundered, and then he loudly  
swore,

"You had that saddle on hind  
part fore."

I didn't defend myself, but grinned  
Reel sheepish that I thus had  
sinned.

The Sargent, who's reely kind at  
hart,

Fixed the hoss and giv me a start.  
My foot in the sterrups, I jumped  
with eeze

Into the saddle, my reins did seeze.  
I waz so excited I hollered "Whoa",  
Tho the Captin had giv the word  
to go.

But the Sargent sed, "Giddap,  
giddap!"

And giv my charger a awful slap  
On the South end of his torso,  
where

The tail frisks blithely in the air.  
And then we waz off in a cloud  
of dust,

I thot, "O God, in you I trust!"  
I clutched the reins with a frenzied  
smile,

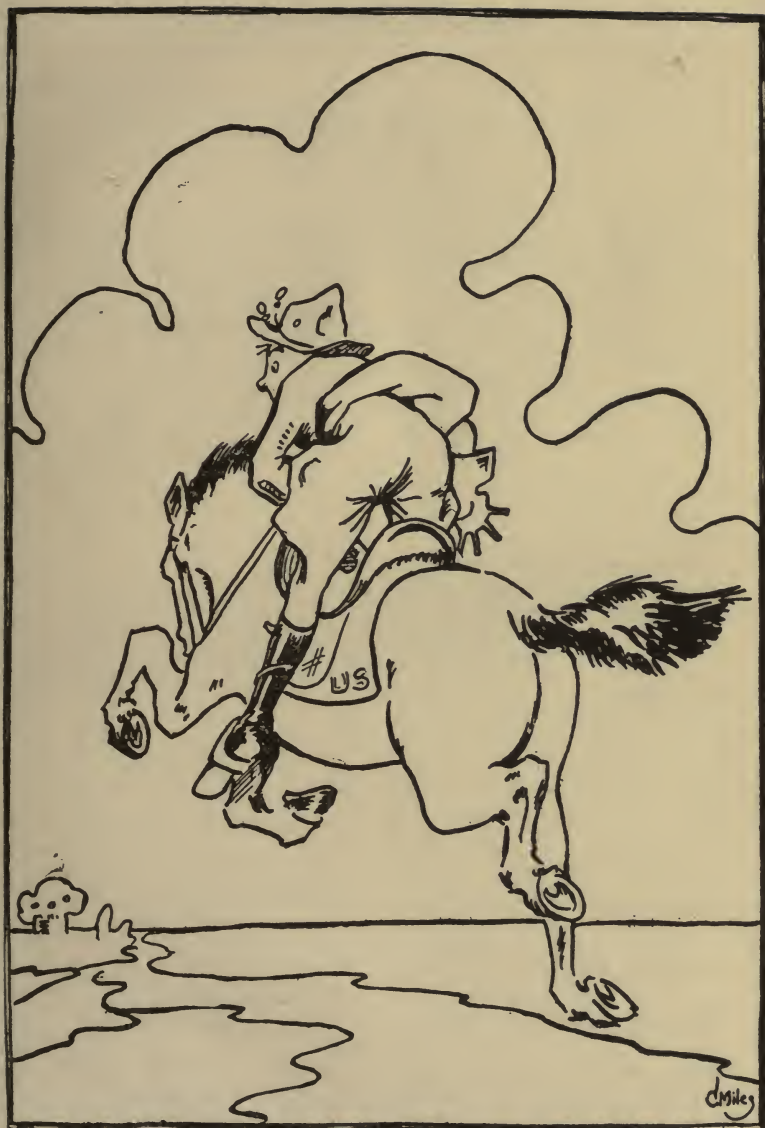
My body thrown skyward all the  
while,

My hoss waz frisky and liked to go,  
Twaz all rite, but it josselled so.  
I lost my faith in bit and rein  
And hung on tite to the yellow  
mane.

Over the hills and pinewood trails,

Nachur waz bursting. But bewty  
    fails  
In a moment of such dire distress  
To stir my soal to its loveliness.  
Once my charger pricked up his  
    eers,  
I sed, "Pleeze, hoss, don't hav no  
    feers."  
And I gently stroked his eers  
    and neck,  
But his tossing hed sum foam  
    did fleck  
Into my anxious eyes and face,  
And then we started forth on  
    a race.  
My hart froze up, to the mane  
    I hung,  
Az over the mountain trails we  
    flung,  
Hoss and rider in maddened flite,  
We soon left the others out of site.  
We jumped the ravines, tore throo'  
    the trees,  
Snorting out flame az we cut  
    the breeze.  
I roze like the billow of a wave,  
And hoped that the Lord my  
    soal wud save.  
Sumtimes the saddle and me  
    wud meet,  
But offenest I waz up six feet  
In the sky, clutching that hosses  
    hair,  
And jabbering at a feebul prayer.  
But even when praying I felt  
    the pain  
Of having to hit the saddel  
    again,  
And I wished that it had cum  
    to mind  
To tie a pillow on behind.  
Fin'lly we reechd a big, round  
    ring,

'Twas the Bull Pen, which did  
    horror bring.  
My hoss from habit made for  
    a hurdle,  
And my blud begun to churn  
    and curdel.  
I knew my doom had cum at last,  
But still I prayed and held on fast.  
My hoss made a run and roze  
    on high  
And tossed me off into the sky.  
Nine days like Lucifer I fell  
Before I reechd the Port of Hell.  
Later my lifeless carkass they  
    found  
In a krumped heep upon the  
    ground.  
But I'm revived now, sitting on  
    pillows,  
Thinking of how I roze on billows.  
Az a Kalverry trooper, I'm the  
    bunk,  
But the Captin sed I showed  
    sum spunk.  
He also added with a snicker,  
"For a small guy, you can bounce  
    lots kwicker  
Than a can of Baked Beens on  
    the fire,  
Furthermore you bounce lots  
    higher  
Than a geyzer in its fullest  
    ackshun,"  
And so I am a grate attrackshun  
In the Orderly Room. But still  
    my hide  
Iz a blistered mass from that hoss  
    back ride.  
I gess I'm laid up for a week,  
But will no more of my trubbel  
    speak.  
Goodby, until my sore spots heel,  
I'll write agen when I normel feel.



*"I wisht that it had cum to mind  
To tie a pillow on behind."*





## AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE COLONEL

June 27.

Dere dierry, I am feeling better.  
This morning I receeved a swetter  
From one of the nineteen I adore,  
It sed "To My Hero." Nothing  
more

This packedge's woolley folds did  
fill,

Altho' I looked for a dollar bill  
Tucked away in a nook sumwhere  
To surprize me, taken unaware.  
Also she dozen't seem to rekall  
My phyzziogmany at all,  
Or else she thot I'd grown much  
fatter,

At enny rate it dozen't matter.  
Altho the swetter dozen't fit,  
Still I shall keep it, sense twaz  
gnit

By her. Besides at nite I can  
spred

It like a blanket on my bed.

The Captin took a shine to me,  
Sence my horseback riding he  
did see,

And so the Troop Clerk's job  
desended

On me and all my trubbels ended.  
They made me a Sargent yesterday,  
Eight dollars more I'll get for my  
pay.

The Captin also made me the boss  
Of a nice and gentle lady-hoss  
Named Delphen cause its mane  
iz red,

All my feers and trubbels haz fled.  
But still, altho I rank so high,  
One of the Kernels riding by  
Did stop and in an angry burst

Told me I must salute him furst.  
I havn't had time to verify  
His statement, but I wonder why  
Tucker, who carries the bags  
of mail,

Only a ornery Private, did fail  
To salute *me* az I husselled by,  
I gess I'll lern the reezon why.  
Dissiplin iz a splendid way  
To make these Privates lern to  
obey.

This morning *I* went for the mail,  
Seeing as Tucker did weep and  
wail

Bekawze his littel finger hurt,  
And so I anserred up reel curt,  
"You big slob, take another bath,"  
And then I walked off, white  
with wrath.

A purty gurl handels the mail,  
And so I lingerred to tell the tale  
Of how my Sargent's stripes  
I'd won,

And how I didn't salute *no one*,  
Not even the Kernel, 'less I  
wanted,

And as to her these tales I  
flaunted,

She sed, "There cums the Kernel  
now,"

My couradge seemed to leeve  
sumhow.

I grabbed the letters and left  
in haste,

Thinking as how no time I'd waste,  
For enny spot becums infernal  
As soon as there arrives a  
Kernel.



But out in front where all  
    mite see  
This Kernel run rite into me.  
When I waz waving to that dame,  
The impact of our bodies came.  
The Kernel drew up to his hite,  
He was a stern and outraged site.  
We stood there in two feet of  
    space  
And eyed eech other face to face.  
And then, tho my anger burned  
    like fire,  
I thot az how this man ranked  
    higher,  
And hassened to salute him furst,  
And the string what held the  
    letters burst.

They fell and scattered ev'rywhere,  
The Kernel moved on with  
    pashunt air,  
And I stooped down and tore my  
    britches,  
Picking up mail from gutter and  
    ditches.  
And not far away that dame did  
    giggle,  
Sum day I'll make that Kernel  
    riggle!  
Dere dierry, this subjick pains  
    me so,  
No longer can I make words  
    to flow.



## THE DREADED SOFA



July 9.  
Dere dierry, a lady what lives in  
town  
Invited sum Troopers to cum  
down  
To a party which she giv last  
nite.  
Her parler waz a brilliant site.  
All of the belles in town waz  
there,  
And sum what had no bewty  
to spare.  
There waz three more homely  
than the rest,  
One of the three beeing flat  
of chest,  
Another looking like a balloon,  
A third whoze hair had left too  
soon.  
They made for the sofy rite  
away,  
And there they sat till the brake  
of day,  
Wateing, wateing in dredful  
suspense,  
Wateing with bodies uprite and  
tense,  
Hoping 'gainst hope that by sum  
chance  
Somewun wud cum and ask them  
to dance,  
Hoping, groping, staring, saying  
Things beneath their breth and  
praying  
That God wud send sum man at  
last.  
Thus the endless hours passed.  
They sat there, graven images.  
Stone

Had petrified them bone by bone.  
They sat like sentinels of the nite  
To gard that sofy with their mite.  
They sat and never spoke a word,  
And yet their inmost thots we herd.  
They reminded me of pore Lot's  
wife,  
Who turned to salt in the prime  
of life.  
Their eyes did, glassy, bulge and  
bulge,  
And all of the tragedy did divulge.  
It stirred my pity, it touched my  
hart  
To see nobody taking their part.  
Their mizerry did move me so,  
I went to alleviate their woe.  
To the sofy I did thus advance,  
Eech looked up with a appeeling  
glance.  
I hurriedly sed, "Tit, tat, toe,  
One, two, three, and out you go."  
The big balloon fell to my lot,  
Who waz deeply rooted to the spot.  
But fin'lly I got her frame in  
ackshun,  
Her smile showed evvident satis-  
fackshun.  
Disappointed, in utter gloom,  
The others sank back to their  
doom.  
My buxsom pardner and I set out  
Midst many a cheer, many a shout.  
In billows the lady's arms aroze  
Like a country pump what haz  
bin froze.  
We went off in a whirl of skirts,  
I thot, "Lord, how my left korn  
hurts!"

Just then the monster stepped  
on it,  
I had to clench my teeth and grit  
To keep back the skorching tears.  
We dashed  
Around the room. Peepul waz  
mashed  
Into closets and corners ev'ry-  
where,  
And I waz in desperret need  
of air.  
Buckets of perspiration came,  
She sed the wether waz to blame.  
Thus we waddled like senseless  
fools,  
Turning 'round like gyrratting  
spools.  
After a hour the enkores stopped,  
My animated oktopus flopped  
Back on the sofy, damp but  
beeming,  
And the other two sat sourly  
skeeming.  
I, with a sickly kweer smile,  
Went to rest for a little while.  
But the jellosee on other faces  
Brot back my mind from dreemy  
spaces,  
And I returned for the Flat One.  
She  
Smiled sweetly and with faith  
at me.  
She was so stiff from where  
she'd sat,  
She only had one move down pat.  
Twaz a sideward movement and  
we went  
Like a comet with its fury spent.  
It waz a slow, a lingerring glide,  
And when our steps didn't coin-  
cide,  
I stopped and let her take new aim,

While she told me of her dansing  
fame.  
Whenever a wall did stop us.  
Then  
We wud turn and go back home  
agen.  
'Tho twaz a tag dance none cum  
rushing  
To steel away this sweet and  
blushing  
Spinster. Even a dollar bill  
Failed to loosen their obstinnet  
will.  
I dangled that dollar bill and  
prayed  
But none waz by my bribery  
swayed.  
Men what exist on a Private's pay  
Did turn their heds and look away.  
Fin'llly the muzick pawzed. Before  
They cud begin another enkore,  
I sed, "Excuzе me, I must go,  
My lower limms iz aking so."  
And then I hid for a hour or two,  
Until my sense of duty grew  
Again, and then once more  
returned,  
And lo! I with excitement burned.  
The hairless one dessended the  
stair  
With hat on and a going air.  
I thot twaz safe her joy to  
enhance,  
And sed, "I'm sorry we missed  
our dance."  
Immediately my mind did wake  
To the tragedy of my mistake.  
With one wild move she took  
her hat  
And placed it where so long  
she'd sat,  
And floated in my arms and trod  
Where my bursting corns did  
ake and throb.



*"I hurriedly sed, 'Tit, tat, toe,  
One, two, three, and out you go."*



She lumbered in a grim content,  
And talked a blue streek az if  
    she ment  
To make up for the silent hours  
In which she sat on the pillowey  
    bowers.

Also with her I isecreem ate,  
The victim of a onkind fate,  
And when the morning hours cum,  
I had to cart all three to hum.  
Goodby, dere dierry, I can say,  
I am a wizer yooth to-day.





## JOHNNIE STANDS AT ATTENTION

July 16.

Dere dierry, Delpheen's verry nice,  
So far she's only kicked me twice.  
Her excentriccities I hav lerned,  
She's touchy where her feet are  
concerned.

This first I lerned the other day,  
It cum in a onexpected way.

Az I waz kurying her after a  
ride,  
Skraping the mud from offen her  
hide,

I also desided to clean her feet,  
Which didn't my approval meet.  
But she wudn't budge her left  
hind hoof,

And I had to offer a reproof.  
I slapped her with the Kurry kome  
In a tender spot where the horse-  
flies rome.

And then that left hind hoof  
did rize,

And attained abnormel force and  
size.

Konvulsively it met my face  
And sent me backward kwrite  
a space.

The doktor has had to take a tuck  
Where Delpheen's hind hoof roze  
and struck.

And on the Sick Book I did go,  
Which waz to me a awful blow.  
To-day I waz on my feet agen,  
And went to the stabels with  
the men.

Delpheen wated in mute appeeling,  
I went to say I held no hard  
feeling,

But my purpose waz misunder-  
stood,

That same hoof flew az far az  
it cud,

And hit my knee a awful crack,  
So many stars cum, I lost track.  
This afternoon my time iz free,  
Bekawze of this welt upon my knee.  
And so I'm doing personal things,  
Which allus satisfaction brings.  
I washed my soot of underwear  
And my other pare of sox with  
care.

It's getting to be a barracks joke,  
Whenever my underwear I soak,  
I shiver without enny cover,  
Az o'er the spigguts I do huvver.  
And while its hanging up to dry,  
I haff to go on my bunk and lie  
Under my swetter for proteckshun.  
To-day they had a dammed in-  
speckshun.

A fat ole doktor poked in hiz hed,  
The man in charge of kwarters  
sed,

"Attenshun!" so I had to rize,  
My form a-shivering before hiz  
eyes.

Ole Stuffums never sed "At Eze,"  
And so I stood with stiffened  
kneez,

And neether did he holler "Rest",  
Which iz the order I love best.  
So I stood neckked at attenshun,  
The doktor evry'where did  
menshun

That the shoos waz turned the  
oppoaset way

From what he had ordered  
yesterday,  
That the flore waz bad in need  
of skrubbing.  
That the dore nobbs still cud stand  
sum rubbing,  
All this while out of a window  
crack  
A chilly breeze did hit my back.  
I shivvered, but I stood my post,  
The doktor beeing still engrossed  
Telling how the blankets shud fold,  
While I waz catching my deth of  
cold,  
Rubbing hiz finger where rub he  
must,  
Then holding it up to view the dust.

With a final leckshure he out did  
flop,  
Az I waz reeling, reddy to drop.  
And at the dore with a skeptickle  
wheeze,  
He turned and pawzed, then sed,  
"At Eze."  
Goodbye, dere dierry, I still can  
laff,  
Tho' I rigid stood an hour and a  
haff,  
Tho I've got a welt upon my knee,  
And a stich within my face you see,  
Tho my underware's not dry  
enuff,  
And a terribul cold my hed doze  
stuff.

## BOUND FOR ARKANSAW

July 20.

Dere dierry, I'm aboard the train,  
I'll nevver see the Kalverry agen,  
I'm going to be a doe-boy now  
And get rite in the thick of the row.  
I'm bound for Camp Pike,

Arkinnsaw,  
When Tucker herd this he hollered  
"Law,  
You'll be rite neer to Pappy's  
farm,"

Which filled me with a grate alarm.  
The reezon for this suddin move  
Iz that the Captain wants me to  
prove

My rite to wear sum shiney bars  
Az well as the grim and homely  
skars

What Delphen giv me. So I'm  
bound

For where the Arkinnsaw River's  
found.

Six the Genrul Order did rule  
Shud go to the 'Ossifers' Training  
Skule.

We six are bound on a fast express  
To the Centrul Infuntry O. T. S.  
I sent Delphen my last farewell  
By proxy, so I'm sound and well.  
Tucker shed bitter tears when I  
left,

Beeing of hiz cheef tormentor  
bereft.

The Captain giv my hand a skweeze,  
I shook with emoshun at my kneez.  
Old Monteray iz of the past,  
To Arkinnsaw we're flying fast.  
This sleeper iz a stuffy place,  
We're living in two feet of space.

The six of us only have two  
seckshuns.

We sleep heeped up in all  
direckshuns.

And o its hot! I glissen with swet,  
My underware is ringing wet.

We're crossing Arizony now,  
It don't appele to me sumhow.

We stopped at a place called Indio,  
Three peepul liv in its furniss glow.

A fat lady cross the ile gasped,

"Well,  
Thoze creetures 'll be prepared for  
Hell."

Pore lady! she suffers frum the  
heet,

Haff of the time she's stuck to  
her seet.

She gasps in fluds of perspirashun,  
Calling the heroes of the nashun

To move her evry hour or two.  
As we pull we hear the ripping

gloo.

Pore thing! she haz a upper berth,  
In which we hoist her up with  
mirth.

It takes all six of us a hour  
To raze her with our cumbined  
power.

And in the morning she has to  
dessend,

Three of us helping at eech end.  
A thin old maid iz also along,

Who thinks the world is doing her  
wrong.

Last nite she lost her green silk  
waste,

And up and down the ile she's  
paced,

Looking throo evrybody's clothes,  
A grate big teerdrop on her noze.  
And always in her serchin mission,  
She seems to view me with  
    suspicion,  
And lingers over my barracks bag,  
But I haint took her old green rag.

Whew! the fat lady's beckoning  
    to me,  
So I'll cloze this dere old dierry.  
And here I'll end my Kalverry  
    story,  
For I'm on my way to win new  
glory.





HERE BEGIN

# Johnnie's Letters Home

Which tell of things which happened  
on the campus of the Univer-  
sity of California







*"Woof of the Floo is most afeard,  
And covers his whole face and his beard  
With a Turkish towel . . . . ."*

## THE FLOO MASK

Dere fokes, I'm garding 'genst  
the Floo,  
Wich all good paytriotts otta do,  
Since there be such a eppidummick  
It makes me sick down in my  
stummick  
To think of all what are feeling  
low  
With the Floo. O I nawziated grow,  
And wear my Floo mask on my  
eer  
Because I am so full of fear.  
There iz a order that everybody  
Must wear a Floo mask, and 'tis  
a study  
In Humannachur to see the places  
Where masks are hung on people's  
faces.  
Some I have seen upon the nose,  
Some on the place where whiskers  
grows,  
Some on the eers, some on the  
neck  
Some on the hairs above, by heck.  
Four on the place where wimmin  
smile,  
Some on their i-brows, onst in  
a while.  
One found a place on a wooman's  
hat,  
And among the birds and feathers  
sat.  
A feemale friend of mine told me  
As how on Toosday she did see  
Her prof. use his as a hankercheef  
And now she says she'd just as lief.  
And as for the Floo masks shape  
and size,  
Some people are astonishing wise.

The fat wimmin what are short  
of breth  
Are taking no chances of their deth  
From windpipe stoppage so they  
grin  
Real sweet with warmers on their  
chin.  
One prof, with asma has made slits  
In his, throo which he breethes  
and spits.  
And all the Channing Greeker  
vamps,  
Have purchased tiny postage stamps  
Of Crape-de-sheen, small pinkish  
dots  
Which they stick on like bewty  
spots.  
Woof of the Floo is most afeard  
And covers his whole face and  
his BEARD  
With a Turkish towel to keep away  
The germs while he searches all  
the day  
For the sixth dimension, and I herd  
Of another ancient mildood bird  
What uses a washrag, cool and  
sweet  
To his chin what has the prickly  
heet.  
Floo Masks have their good  
points, too,  
Of which I'll enoomerate a few.  
They mingle on an equal basis  
All feemales, no matter what their  
faces.  
Vampires and pelicans, all alike,  
Through the campus byways you  
must hike.

And all the fellows' mustaches  
are hid,  
(Of this newsance, I am glad  
we're rid).  
One prof. I know with a squeeky  
voice  
Has a class what wears these  
masks by choice.  
Beecause they thus can safely  
shriek,  
And laff at each new funny  
squeek.  
Also behind them we can gap,  
And nobody then can care a rap.  
And if the masks are big enuff,

One can chew gum and pinch  
his snuff  
And sleep with safety and eat  
a bit  
And think a lot of obseen wit.  
O fokes, this is a funny erth,  
Into which you have give me birth,  
We go around like muzzled dogs,  
And snort and breathe and act  
like hogs.  
O I look up to Parrydis  
Where peepul breathe and all  
iz nice.  
Goodby, dere family, ev'ry one,  
I am Your Ever Efectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

## JINRICKSHAWS

Dere fokes, Im sorry I forgot  
To write last nite, but I was not  
In enny fit condition then  
To try to juggle with a pen.  
And so I thot I'd let it go  
Hoping that you wud never knoe  
The cirkumstances, but I feel  
Az now around the room I reel  
That you shud knoe how I did fall  
From grace by ansering Browzie's  
call.

On Satterday I to Okeland went  
And fifty cents on likker spent  
In "the Forum" (not a magazine,  
Nor a Greecyan market where  
men kween)

But a simpul restroom with a bar,  
From which the Play Fiddles keep  
kwite far.

Hither I went with a reg'lar hound,  
A feller who cud be most drown'd  
In beer and still walk fast and  
strate,

But such, alas, waz not my fate.  
We stuck our feet upon the rail  
And I knew now I cudn't kwait.  
He sez, "A slow-jinrikkishaw,"  
I sez, "A fast one, pleze" and saw  
A look of awe creep over his  
face,

And so I sez "Let's have a race,  
To see which one can drink the  
most"

Wherefore he sed, "Great Ceezar's  
goast!"

The race begun, I flopped down  
mine

Into my stommick and sed  
"Fine,"

Another and my eyes shone  
briter,

A third and now my belt was  
titer,

The fourth spilt partly on the flore,  
But I sez, "Ozwald, bring on  
more."

And soon my stommick prickkled  
sum

And things within my hed did  
hum.

I felt reel gay and laffed and  
laffed

Az more jinrikkishaws I kwaffed.  
Fin'lly my frend says "Let's go  
home,

You're getting foolish in your  
dome."

'Twaz eezier sed than dun be-  
kawze

I'd drunk those fast jin-rikki-  
shaws.

But I on the strete car fin'lly lit,  
And had a kweer dezire to spit  
On the lady's shoe rite next to me,  
And so I did in order to see  
How kuick it wud evaporate,  
But she got mad and didn't wate.  
Going home my hed went round  
in whirls,

My hair waz falling in long curls  
Around my nees and it did seem,

Az if a Orriental dreem  
Waz waying down my mind.

My legs

Reminded me of beer kegs  
And my arms waz waiving up  
and down

Throo' the kwiet streets of Berke-  
ley town.

Home I arove and went to bed  
And placed my washrag on my  
hed.

Todae my hed still akes, and, maw,

I dont krave enny jinrickkishaw.

Goodby, and say a prayer for me

Eech time I go upon a Sprea.

Forgive me, family, every wun,

I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.





## SUSPENDERS AND TEA FIGHTS

Dere fokes, my hed is popping full  
Of things to tell you, so the bull  
I'm going to sling you. 'Twas  
a weke  
Which did with dizzy payshun  
reke.  
On Friday p. m. first I went  
To the 'Tater house and there  
I spent  
Ten minutes going down the row  
Where all the young pertaters  
grow.  
They beemed on me and I beemed,  
too,  
And in my brest a feeling grew  
Of friendship for each Freshman  
'Tater,  
Eech one of whom I shall kween  
later.  
Sum dame brot me sum skwashy  
kake,  
I took it for politeness sake.  
Another dame rushed up behind  
To skair me, and befuddled my  
mind  
So much I dropped my gnawed-at  
kake  
On the flore. It spread out like  
a lake.  
And so I went to the Skrapper  
house  
And entered silent like a mouse.  
The sisters waz elaborrate dressed,  
And made a hit on eech new  
gest,  
Eech feemale seemed to talk at  
once,  
But the men did only issue grunts,  
And, ill at eeze, each stood around

Trying to be a tee-fite hound.  
The crowds waz thick. I slowly  
plodded  
Till I cum to where the Fresh-  
men nodded.  
Sum had bewty and sum had wit,  
But all of them waz fizzickly fit.  
They nodded me by with utmost  
haste  
And life seemed a dim and dreery  
waste.  
But a reel nice upperclassman  
cum  
And smiled and made me feel  
to hum.  
Two cups of coffee was giv to me,  
I balanced one upon eech knee,  
And held the ice kreem on eech  
arm  
And prayed I wuldn't cum to  
harm.  
I waz in peril, I'll admit,  
Az I on the Scrapper flore did sit.  
And still the granjur brot a thrill,  
Az I on the wholesum food did  
fill.  
That nite the Devlish Annas  
danced  
And I on their institoot advanced,  
And had a fine time shimmying  
there,  
My dame and I waz a skittish  
pair.  
'Twaz only once I thot I'd croak  
'Twaz when my durned suspenders  
broke.  
It happened rite out on the flore  
There cum a bust, then nothing  
more.



My hart stood still and my pants  
did sink,

My blud froze up and I tried to  
think

Of something to do, but only cold  
swet

My forred and cheeks did cum to  
wet.

When my pants had fin'lly fell  
two feet,

And my B. V. D's. the krowd  
did greet,

I cudn't stand it any more

And stumbled wildly 'cross the  
flore.

Sum guys cum with a safety pin  
And I returned with a sheepish  
grin.

Pleze send me kwick another pair  
Of suspenders which I need to  
wear

This coming weke. Now I must  
run.

I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.



## PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL

Dere fokes, on aite wheels now  
I run

And many a plawdit I have won.  
I am a graceful earey site  
Whirling around in the ded of  
nite.

Sadly of Saterrday nite I think,  
When we stepped out to the skat-  
ing rink.

Ten of us went and only fore  
Had ever had on skates before.  
However I thot it 'twud be best  
To roll forth with a bulging chest,  
Az if I was a krafty skater,  
But 'twaz an error I lerned later.  
The boy strapped on my skates.

I stood  
Up stiffly like a block of wood,  
Feeling unsteddy and afeard  
To move and then sum feemale  
cheered

Derizively. I started in  
On my mad whirl with a sicken-  
ing grin.

I went forth boldly on my flite  
Hoping to do well, just from spite.  
Six strokes I took and all waz  
well,

I'd moved six inches and never  
fell.

And then I moved again, kuite  
bold,

In a long and graceful sweep  
I rolled,

But sumthing happened to the  
wheels,

And even now my blud congeels  
Az I think of my puzzled, grew-  
sum dred

And the way the flore and me  
did wed.

One feller with a sick necktie  
Of green did see me going by  
And laffed and sed with feeble  
wit

That in one count the flore I'd  
hit.

I'd like to have punched him,  
goodness knows,  
But pekulyarly I never roze  
In time, and he on wheels waz  
gone

Like winged Mercury at the  
dawn.

Feeling kwite black and blue I  
turned

And for a resting place I yerned,  
But peepul blocked my ev'ry  
way,

And yet it waz onsafe to stay.  
Feebly agen I whirling went  
Over the miles of rink and spent  
Fore hours and a half until I  
came

Back to the starting place. My  
fame

Roze high in leaps and bounds.  
They tell

That "forty-three times Johnnie  
fell."

Fin'lly I reechd my friends.  
My bones

Waz broozed and aking. Feerful  
groans

Aroze from ev'ry joint and  
mussel

I'd had a life and deth like tussel.



*"My wheels went out from under me."*

When a nice bench did hove in  
site  
I tried to end my maddened flite,  
But the blamed wheels kept  
agoing. Fear  
Agen my kwivering spine did  
speer.  
I hollered "Look Out, Gangway  
Pleze,"  
But az this warning I did wheeze,  
I hit full blast a feemale party,  
Who when I hit her lap said  
"Smarty"  
And pushed me brootally away,  
And chewed her gum in a bullying  
way.  
One of my dames came to my aid,  
But I soon wished that she had  
stayed  
Away, for az she tottered nere,  
The gink with the green necktie  
did leer  
And racing past, he shoved her  
arm,  
She reeched for me in great alarm.  
My wheels went out frum under  
me,

And both of us shiney stars did see.  
And so we littered up the flore  
And we waz tramped on more  
and more  
Till fin'lly a clanging bell rung out,  
And there waz many a cheer and  
shout,  
It waz the signal for a race,  
And we waz still in that feerful  
place  
Waiting our deth from flying feet  
But soon the gards did kussing  
greet  
Us and did sweep us off the rink,  
To-day my helth iz on the blink.  
I never agen shall wheel on  
skates,  
Unless the Lord my reezon takes,  
Goodby, dere family, pray that I  
From my bad injerries will not die.  
Pleze send me kwick a soft silk  
shirt,  
So that my broozes will not hurt.  
God bless you, family, ev'ry one.  
I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.

## THE BATHING GIRLS

Dere fokes, my mind with madness  
reels,

I push away my hash at meels,  
I lie awake for owwers at nite,  
I don't enjoy the passing flite  
By Wheeler Hall. I'm silent, too,  
And skinny, like I had the Floo.  
The reezon that I'm so unwell  
Iz that I went and saw and fell  
For the Bathing Feemales at

the show,  
Tiz that which has disturbed me  
so.

These bathing girls cum frum the  
beech

In order that they here mite teech  
Our kolledge ko-eds what to wear  
Out in the sun and foam and air.  
They've took the kampus by  
surprize,

And all—both innosent and wize  
Have gone to see, then gone agen,  
I'm speeking 'spechully of the men.  
I first did go on Fryday nite,  
And slinked in filled with timid  
frite,

With two other guys who kraved  
to see

These Bathing Girls at the T  
and D.

The theayter waz pitch black. We  
enterred

When all iyes on the stage waz  
centerred.

Unforchunetlly the first ten rows  
Waz filled with eeger kollidge  
Joes,

Who'd erly cum to get down nere  
(Not to see the pitchurs, I fere),

And so we had to sit back far  
But this, however, didn't mar  
Our interest in the lovely sites  
Goin' on behind the brite foot lites.  
We saw sum seats down a long  
row

And over the knees begun to go.  
We skweezed and pushed and  
skwirmed and giggled.

Sum kollidge girls observed and  
giggled,

But most of the peepul waz dis-  
gusted

That we into their midst had  
busted,

And made our entrance so bee-  
lated,

And spoiled their view. Hence  
we waz hated

By all whoze kneez waz in our  
way,

'Twuz many a mean thing they did  
say.

My iyes waz so glood on the stage  
I tripped akross sum fat "old  
age,"

Who groaned and crashed back  
in her seet

And rubbed her aking legs and  
feet.

Fin'lly we reeched what seemed a  
void,

Where no one seemed to be  
annoyed.

So we sunk down in grate releef  
In the bathing girls to drown our  
greef.

But az I sat in the dark chasm,  
A lady skreemed and had a spazm



Beneeth me, for I wrong had sat  
On a little ole maid who wazn't  
fat  
Enuff to hold me, so I left,  
And beeing of a sitting place be-  
reft,  
I kneeled down on the dirty flore,  
From whence the view waz very  
pore.  
But still I got a eye-full and  
I thot myself in Fairyland.  
Those bathing bewties danced  
about  
(Which brot from the kollidge  
men a shout)  
And showed their bathing costumes  
which  
Did offen need a timely stitch,  
And the rithum of the human body,  
Which iz a fascinating study.

I watched. My eyes popped out  
and bulged,  
Az their charms the bathing  
soots divulged.  
I sat until both shows was ended,  
And then my homeward way I  
wended.  
My mind cud hardly think a-tall,  
'Twas filled with the bewty of  
it all.  
On Saterrrday nite again I went,  
And four enrapshured owwers  
spent.  
To-nite 'tiz Visit Number Three  
That I'm making to the T and D.  
O Bathing Girls, pleze cum to  
kollidge  
And add to our esthettic Nollidge,  
Goodby, dere family, ev'ry one,  
I am Your Every Effechunate Son,  
JOHNNIE.





AUNT JANE  
-•-

Dere fokes, I'm pretty neer wore  
out,  
Sense I've becum such a gad-  
about.  
Last Friday nite twuz cold and  
wet  
And in the rain I went to get  
My danning pardner whose abode  
Iz found on a suburban rode  
In Alameda. There I went  
By street car and two hours wuz  
spent  
In going. O my bones did ake  
From all the jolts the car did take.  
When we did reech the end of  
the line,  
I took it that it must be the sine  
For getting off, so in the rain  
I started forth to find "Aunt  
Jane,"  
Who is the guardeen of my dame  
When she's in kollidge. Her other  
name  
I didn't know, so I did hope,  
Az in the darkness I did grope,  
That I wud find the house all rite  
Tho I'd forgot the number. Nite  
Closed in about me, dark and wet,  
I sed, "I'll think of that number  
yet."  
But it complete had left my mind  
And try as I did, I culdn't find  
It more. O I did frantick grow,  
Az throo' the wet paths I did go.  
And then I remembered she had  
sed  
In whispers with a cold in her hed,  
By telephone, "The house is  
shingle,"

With suddint hope my thots did  
tingle,  
And as I mused, fond memory  
brott  
Another trezure that I sott.  
She'd sed, "The house next dore  
is white,"  
My emoshun wuz a piteous site.  
And so I tried eech shingle home  
Next to a white one and did rome  
About for sevrel blocks or miles  
I gess it wuz. Both frowns and  
smiles  
Did meet me at each shingle dore  
But ignorants and nothing more  
Did greet my oft repeeted kweery,  
Which I did utter, week and  
weery,  
"Can you pleze tell me if Aunt Jane  
Doze live here?" I think that  
they insane  
Did stamp me. But I persevered  
As throo' the lanes my legs I  
steered.  
There waz one lady, stern and thin,  
Who peeked throo' a dore. And  
I did grin.  
Thinking she must be a old maid,  
Becawze she looked so thin and  
staid,  
I up and sed, "Are you Aunt  
Jane?"  
She shuddered and shut me out in  
in the rain.  
Another, a fat man once did cum,  
"The wimmin fokes are not to  
hum,"  
He sed and softly closed the dore,

And there wuz rain and nothing  
more.  
A bent old woman once appeared  
Who looked at me as tho' afeard,  
I sed "Perhaps you're Aunt  
Jane's maw,"  
She sed "I'm a stranger here;"  
I saw  
That she was skeart of me and  
so  
Agen in the black nite I did go.  
Fin'ly at ten o'clock I found  
Aunt Jane's abode. The bell didn't  
sound  
And so I pounded on the dore,  
At first twuz silence, nothing  
more.  
Aunt Jane with nite cap on her hed  
Announced that all had gone to  
bed,

But still I had her wake her neese,  
"Such nonsense henceforth you  
must ceese,"  
She sed. But enny way we went,  
And then two hours more wuz  
spent  
In getting to the danse. And there  
Familyar notes fell on the air.  
Az they played, the dansers all  
arose,  
Twuz the national anthem which  
did close  
The danse. We cawt the last  
car home,  
And never again so far I'll rome.  
Goodby, dere famly, ev'ry one,  
I am Your Ever Effectshunate  
Son,

JOHNNIE.



## THE MILKY WAY

Dere fokes, my life's a soshial  
 whurl,  
 No time hav I to set and twirl  
 My fingers for theres lots to do  
 If one a dozen girls would woo.  
 Last Friday nite some frends  
 and me  
 Stepped forth to the city for to see  
 ShakeSpeare's genus at its hite,  
 In Omelet—twuz a tragic site.  
 The speeches beeing rather long  
 And nary a dance and nary a song,  
 I sat back with a amuzed air  
 Observin' Human Natchure there.  
 A woman sat in front of us  
 Who made a everlastin' fuss.  
 Eech word she said wud cawse to  
 wiggle  
 Her earrings, my dame did gigle  
 And me and the others laffed out  
 lowd,  
 Cawsing sum protest from the  
 crowd.  
 In back a man to sleep nere gone  
 Did yawn a most prodidjus yawn.  
 His open mouth showed he wuz  
 old,  
 It beein' mostly gums and gold.  
 To pass the time I looked to see  
 How many balled heds there  
 mite be  
 In seein' distance and I found,  
 Both oval, skware, oblikque and  
 round,  
 A total sum of thirty seven,  
 Which had no hair and then eleven  
 Which had a littel, almost none,  
 Which looked like specks upon  
 the sun.

The play wuz grand. My soal wuz  
 sturred,  
 Especially when the deths okkured.  
 The next day beein' awful hot  
 A glass of buttermilk I got  
 In the sandwetch shop where I  
 espide  
 Two laydey friends who beamed  
 with pride  
 When me they saw cavorting in,  
 Perspiring with a plezent grin.  
 They both wuz seeted at a taybel  
 Which they had choze 'cawze they  
 wuz able  
 From it to see the passing throng  
 Umhampered az they marched  
 along.  
 And also to resiprocate  
 By showing themselves in a "tay-  
 ta-tate."  
 They beckoned me to cum and set  
 With them. And I beein' overhet  
 Sunk damp and sticky in a chair,  
 And wisht I didn't haff to wear  
 So many clothes. I also prayed  
 That since pore me they had way-  
 layed  
 That they wud get a seperret bill.  
 The food they'd bawt waz enuff to  
 kill  
 A giant. Az I gazed dummfounded  
 I hoped my feres wuz not well  
 grounded,  
 That all those sandewetches and  
 pie  
 And waffels, which did also lie  
 There and the cups of choklitt,  
 too,  
 And the marmelaide and other goo

Wud be charged up to my slim  
purse  
And then another thot still worse  
Did seeze me. O if 't shud fail  
To have enuff. I turned reel pale  
And suffered terrible suspense  
Fondling my dime and thirty cents  
In my pocket. Then they brought  
me in  
My buttermilk. My hed did swim  
And reel with awful apprehenshun,  
My nerves waz rawt up to that  
tenshun  
Where they run loose, and so  
unmeaning,  
My elbow on the taybul leaning,  
When the wateress suddenly did say  
"I gess the gentleman will pay?"  
My heart in icy dred did leep,  
My elbow took a suddint sweep  
And sped the buttermilk in the  
air,  
Like a cloudburst it did settle  
where  
The crisp new sandwetches did lay,  
And made of them a milky way.  
In horror I jumped to the flore

And doing so overturned some  
more  
Which still waz left. I muttered  
"Hasen!  
Somebody bring a mop and basin."  
The wimmin sat there, cold and  
grim,  
And watched their waffles splash  
and swim  
Until sum buttermilk did trickle  
Down where their nees was and  
did tickle  
Them and spoiled eech Eester dress,  
"O Lord!" I sed, "What a awful  
mess."  
And then I met the laydey's eye  
Who runs the shop. And I did fly  
In terror out the nerest dore,  
Which I'll not darken ennymore.  
Offen I dreem of her and shake  
My self to see if I'm awake  
And even then I think its real,  
My life iz sure one grand ordeal.  
Goodby, dere famly, ev'ry one,  
I am Your Ever Effectshunate  
Son,

JOHNNIE.



*"On the Rolly Koster we lost our breth."*



## AT IDORA PARK

Dere fokes, I'm tired of the soshial  
stuff  
And ake agen to akt reel tuff,  
And so last nite a frend and me  
To Adorer Park excitement lends.  
What we cud find to stimulate  
Our joy in living and so in state  
With two feemales of soshial caste,  
Into th' alluring gates we passed.  
The brite lites and the gambling  
dens  
To Adorer Park excitement lends,  
The girls at first did stout pro-  
clame  
That they wuz sorry they had came  
To risk their lives and lose their  
curls  
On all them darksome brethless  
whirls.  
One of them sed that sense her  
birth  
She never had ariz from earth  
And wudn't now, so not to teezer,  
Lest suddint wrath should ominous  
seezer  
And bring a Eppileptick fit  
(Altho' she appeared kwite sound  
of wit).  
But the aeroplane (hung to a chain)  
With deizire to fly did seeze my  
brain.  
And so, although myself afeard,  
I told my dame not to get skeered  
With me along. So she and I  
Around in a ring in the air did fly.  
We went so fast our neeze did  
shake,  
I held her tite for safety's sake.

The motion made me see-  
sick! "O,"  
I prayed, "O, airship, go more  
slow!"  
My dame with suddint boldness  
fired  
Sed, when we'd stopped, she wuzn't  
tired,  
But I crept out and her forsook,  
And seein' az I had the pocket book  
She soon cum after, and we went  
To the merry-go-round. There  
wuz spent  
A wild hilarious time a-riding,  
And off the slippery horses sliding.  
Our other cupple we found there,  
O. K. but sumwhat wurse for wear.  
The horses beeing sorter mild,  
My dame sed, "Let's do something  
wild."  
Taking her at her word we entered  
"The Whip"; excitement there is  
centerred  
With dubble force. The crooked  
track  
Sends shivers up the small of  
your back.  
My dame clung willing. When I  
held  
Her tite she never once rebelled.  
We liked it, so we rode six times,  
Till I found that I wuz out of  
dimes.  
And then we joined the other pair,  
They having sum money still to  
spare.  
On the Rolly Koster we lost our  
breth,



The dames both gurgled az if  
Deth  
Wuz coming. So I held mine tite  
And spanked her back when she  
grew white.  
Altho' enjoyin' the fizzickle thrill  
Which cum in the sudden drop  
downs. Still  
My stummick's scooped out feel-  
ing grew  
To such proportions that I knew  
How it must feel to be in love  
And so I prayed the Lord abuv  
Wud keep me from a harsh attack  
Of lovesickness. When we wuz  
back

Upon the dry ground still once  
more  
We sott the crowded dansing flore,  
Where, chewin' gum and holdin'  
tite,  
We wuz as tuff as enny that nite.  
On sich occashuns such as these  
A demerkrattick sense doze pleze  
Me. Bathing in Humanitty  
Doze help releeeve inannity,  
And so agen we fore shall chase  
To this tuff but captivating place,  
Goodby, dere famly, ev'ry one,  
I am Your Ever Effectshunate  
Son,

JOHNNIE.

## THE BELGIAN BABY BALL

Dere fokes, a feemale I did hawl  
To hear the Beljun babies bawl.  
At the 'Tater house my dame was  
dressing  
Reel slow, I spoze to keep me  
gessing,  
And so I sat and dummly wated  
Az my new black shoes I kon-  
templated.  
An hour and a half and may be  
more  
I viewed the dust on the 'Tater's  
flore,  
And then I rendered "Three Blind  
Mice"  
On the pianny. It did sound so  
nice  
And brought such cheer to the  
house.  
Five times I rendered each blind  
mouse.  
The pianny beeing out of tune,  
My dame cum rushing down reel  
soon,  
To say the housemarm's hed did  
ake  
And so I ceesed my big mistake.  
In a strete car, we in pomp did  
ride,  
And both my shoestrings cum  
untied,  
Due to our running for the car,  
And also I obtained a skar  
From hoisting my dame up the  
step,  
Beeing az her skirt waz tite. My  
pep  
Did most giv out at this sad  
junkshun

But on we went to the Soshial  
Funkshun.  
A multitoood was at this dance,  
Perhaps five hundred pairs of pants  
Waz present and a thousand  
wimmin,  
(One half of which waz used for  
trimmin  
The empty walls) and plenty of  
money  
Waz razed to buy kows' milk and  
honey  
For the Beljun babies. None will  
starve,  
Indeed I figger they can karve  
A turkey on eech holliday  
For these babies az they cum from  
play.  
Their Golden Goose has laid a  
egg  
The size of a normel beer kaig.  
'Twuz the Dee Gee sisters giv' this  
ball  
In ansør to the Beljuns' call,  
And I proklame them sure-enuff  
ladies  
For beeing so nice to the Beljun  
babies.  
Demokracy waz at the ball,  
All types one saw around the wall.  
The pore, the fat, the rich, the  
thin,  
All helped out in the drone and  
din.  
But all agreed in the shimmy's  
kraze,  
And none there did objektshun  
raze.

One kuppel, kookoo in their up-  
stairs  
Did wall off a corner with sum  
chairs  
And jumped like monkeys in this  
space,  
A gargoyle grin upon eech face.  
They twirled and whirled and  
hopped and bowed  
To the bewilderment of all the  
krowd,  
They jumped and bumped and  
dipped and skipped,  
And I laffed until my garter  
ripped.

Then I stood still, a trembling  
martyr  
To the whim of that Pareesian  
Garter.  
It groaned, it creeked, it palpitated  
In suspense and agony I waited.  
But it hung, thank God, by one  
mere thread  
Until I safely got to bed.  
Dere fokes, I'd rather hav' a  
toomer  
Than be without a sense of humor.  
Goodby, my family, ev'ry one,  
I am Your Ever Effectioonate  
Son,

JOHNNIE.

## THE PRYTANEAN FETE

Dere fokes, last nite I skipped  
around

At the Prettyneen Fait and plezure  
found

In all the wild excitement there,  
In all the gay Boheemian air.  
Konfetti and the blare of drums,  
And ballay girls and campus bums,  
The sound of revelry by nite,  
The kaffay's brite alluring lite,  
The bags of candy that I ate,  
All this made up the Prettyneen  
fate.

I also saw sum cheep side shows,  
And wimmin tramped upon my  
toes

To make me buy sum seets  
therein.

Even if I'd alreddy bin  
They made me buy sum more. I  
spent

My own cash and what others lent.  
I danded with a little Chinese girl  
Who waz a Orriental perl,  
She grabbed her male frends by  
the kollar

And made them each spend half-a-  
dollar

On the "Follies," then she wudn't  
danse

Until they dove down in their  
pants

And brot the remainder of their  
money

For her melting pot, she thot 'twaz  
funny.

All the admiring men waz thrilled,  
And the Prettyneen's Koffers waz  
well filled.

I marched in the Grand Pro-  
cesshun, too,

With a klassy lady that I knew.  
She waz dressed up az a cirkus  
tent,

And peepul cheered wherever she  
went.

She wore a flagpole on her hed,  
Az she marched with a imposing  
tred.

The first prize went to the "Pop-  
korn Dame"

Whoze strings of popcorn won her  
fame.

A fat old farmer cum out sekund  
He had three teeth and said he  
reckoned

The crops waz doing mitey pore,  
And then he skooted out the dore.

I went into the Fashion Show,  
It cost me twenty cents to go,  
But it waz surely worth the bill,  
Those feemales waz dressed fit  
to kill.

I went in a fortune telling booth,  
Where a Gypsy sed she'd tell the  
trooth

About me, then she kalmly sed,  
"Sum day, young man, you're going  
to wed."

Then added, (her voice waz hard  
and dry),

"Sum day, young man, you're  
going to die."

This prophecy did stir me so,  
No longer can I plezure know  
My soal is wretched, full of  
gloom,

Az I think of my impending doom.

To die is bad enuff, but oh!  
'Tis the marrying which doze  
greeve me so.  
Goodby, dere fokes, pleze send a  
check,

For I am a pore, financial wreck.  
Chip in sum money, ev'ry one,  
I am Your Ever Effectshunate  
Son,

JOHNNIE.



## BOLSHEVISM

Dere fokes, the whole world I did  
see

Shimmying at the Freshie Glee.  
Under the purpel forrest's roof,  
Many a mean and wicked hoof  
Was shaken, many a eye did close  
In the thrill of this ungainly poze.  
When cheek meets cheek, tiz  
surely time

To expose this evil deed in rime,  
And so I'm going to tell the plot,  
Of why they shiver in one spot,  
Of why they rub eech other's nozes  
Agenst the written law of Moses,  
Of why they breathe a mutual  
breth,

Which mite result in dizeeze or  
deth.

The whole thing cums from Bol-  
shevism

Which seeks the kriminal baptizm  
Of all the world, which seeks to  
win

Humanity for blud and sin.  
And seeks this end in hidden ways,  
Among which is this shimmy  
kraze.

Leenine and Trotzky did invent  
This suttel evil. Hours waz spent  
In perfecting this, their Grand  
Design

Kalkillated to bring in line  
America to Bolshevism  
And thus effect a mitey Skizm  
Betwixt the Allies. And it seems  
Az if they mite attain their  
dreems,

Unless we start a social war  
To stop it 'fore it goes too far.

When the innosence of youth takes  
to it,

'Tis time to grab the vinegar  
kruit

And pour some oil upon the flame,  
Before it eats away our name.  
This lingering, kwivering, shiv-  
erring dance

Doze feeble-mindedness enhance,  
It stunts the mental growth of  
youth,

And sways them from the paths  
of trooth.

It nullifies and deddens reezon  
And starts a Bolshevicky treezon  
'Gainst social codes and dry con-  
vention

And other things I needn't mention.  
It makes for luxury's weekening  
spell,

Remember Rome and how it fell!  
And at the Freshie Glee they  
shimmied,

There waz none there that waz too  
timid

To slap Convention in the face,  
And shiver in one inch of space.  
And at the Pie-Fry house next  
nite,

Another Bolshevicky site  
Did greet my pained and greeving  
eyes,

Sisters of every shape and size  
Waz shimmying, their eyes closed  
tite

To avoid the harsh and search-  
ing lite.

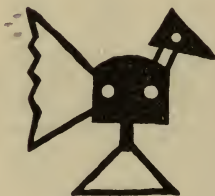
Even the Feemale Prezzident  
Of the Animated Wimmen spent



Her time in shimmying. O my  
Lord  
Let peece and reezon be restored!  
Keep us from Bolshevism's  
kurse,  
Bring on the shimmy's blackened  
hearse.  
Goodby, dere family, take to hart  
The lesson that I here impart,

Pleaze don't shimmy in our front-  
room,  
Or we'll feel red Bolshevizm's  
doom.  
And tell the town foke, ev'ry one,  
I am Your Ever Effecttshunate  
Son,

JOHNNIE.











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